2099 LIMITED

OUT OF MY HEAD, LIMITED!

Every morning, I get off the train with a subway car full of students from FIT (that's Fashion Institute of Technology for you outta-towners), and I think "Yikes! I can do that! I went to art school and watched a lotta MTV; I can spend the morning coming up with a duct tape bikini for Cindy Crawford and then pass myself off as some kinda genius, and then spend the entire night partying with exotic foreign models and a bunch of people who look like the Mardi Gras on laudanum, and would give Fellini the night sweats, leaving only when dawn and dehydration dictated. Why, why, why do I work in a field with constant deadline pressure, continual demands on my resourcefulness, and my Buddha-like serenity? Especially, why do I work in a field where one must perennially convince you readers (a tough crowd that even Rodney Dangerfield couldn't imagine the likes of) that what we're accomplishing here is worthy of your time and attention, let alone the hard-earned dollars you've already got earmarked for renting that stupid Super Mario Brothers movie again and freeze-framing all the special effects? That's to say nothing of convincing all the retailers and distributors, another tough crowd of folks who make W.C. Fields look like a model of blind trust and charming naivete. I mean, why not simply assume that America is so starved for entertainment that I can just make a bad movie based on an arcade game — a movie that even the star doesn't profess to understand — and quit knocking myself out month after month after month?

Deep Breath.

Well, I got reasons. (Don't run away; not "Top Ten Reasons" this time. That needs a rest.)

The reasons are as follows: Peter David, Rick Leonardi, Al Williamson, Pat Mills, Tony Skinner, Grant Miehm, John Francis Moore, Ron Lim, Adam Kubert, Keith Williams, Pat Broderick, John Nyberg, Tom Morgan, James Palmiotti, Gerry Jones, Dwayne Turner, and Kyle Baker. The gentlemen whose work you're about to sample herein. The gentlemen whose sweat and dedication to the 2099 titles show every issue. Their talent, their craftsmanship, their sense of creative adventurousness make me feel privileged to be the first to get to read their work. Sure it may not be as much fun as flying to some ten-square-mile island in the Caribbean to take pictures of Claudia however-you-spell-her-last-name for some Swimsuit Issue, but my assistant, Matt Morra and I don't regard Monday mornings with creeping dread, and opening Fed Ex packages full of script and art from all these brilliant guys gives even a cynic like me a sense of job satisfaction, and will more than justify my eventual coronary thrombosis while I'm in the middle of one of these Bogosianesque rants.

It says "2099 Limited' on the cover, by 2099 is limited only by the ingenuity and imagination of all the fertile minds of the guys I've named above. They **are** 2099. I hope you enjoy their work!

JOEY

RED TS

HAND BREAKS BORDER

HAND BREAKS BORDER

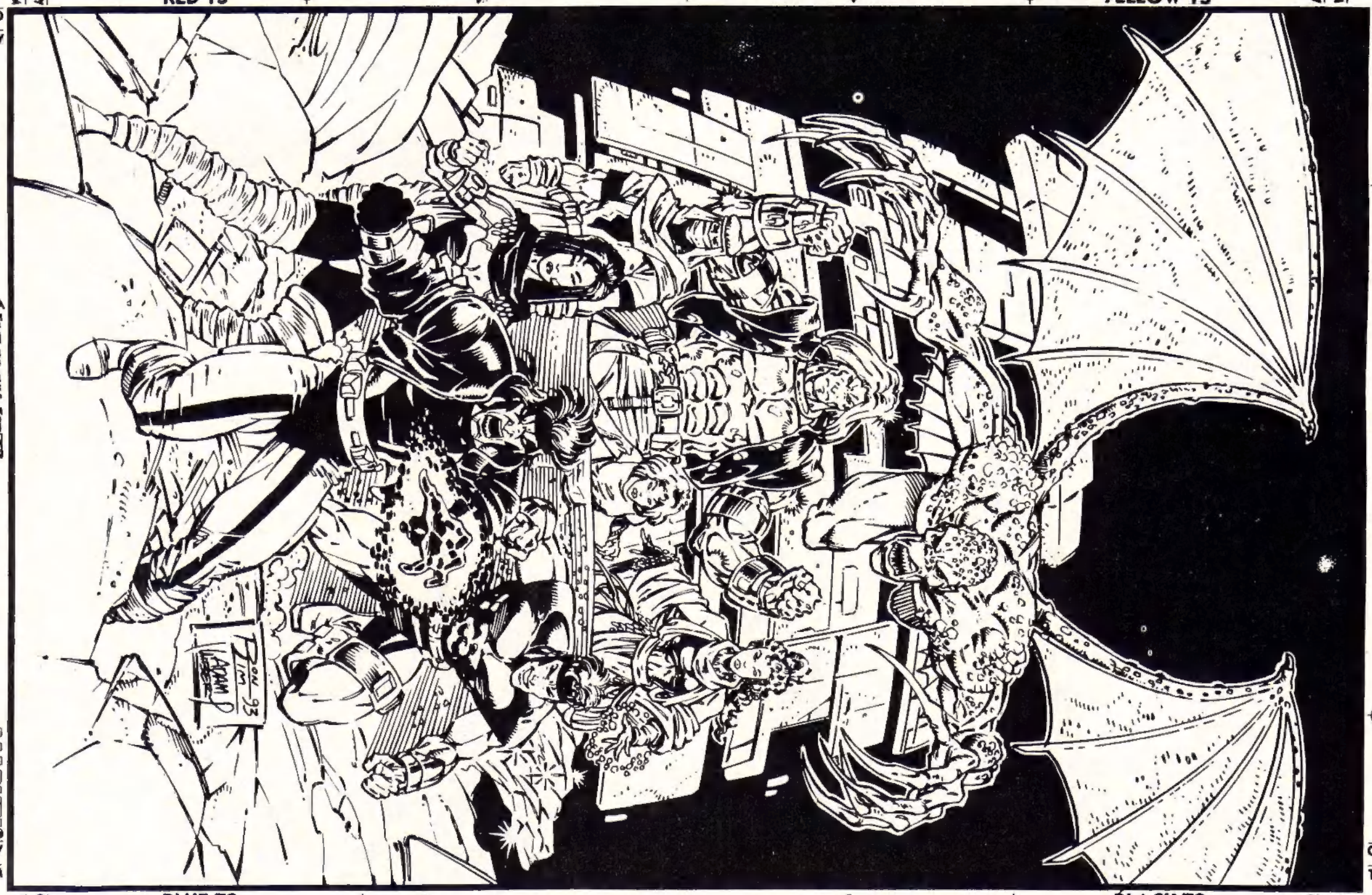
YELLOW TS

FOLD COPY

TITLE X-MEN 2099

#1 BORDER BREAKS

MONTH



MARVEL COMICS

COPY TRIM

BLUE TS

ARM BREAKS BORDER

HAND BREAKS BORDER

BLACK TS

COPY TRIM

475

IN THE NEVADA DESERT, THE NUEVO SOL ARCOLOGY RISES FROM SAND AND SCRUB, A GHOSTLY REMINDER OF BROKEN DREAMS OF THE PAST.

DESIGNED IN THE EARLY 21ST CENTURY TO BE A SELF-SUFFICIENT, NON-POLLUTING WORKING AND LIVING ENVIRONMENT--

--NUEVO SOL'S CONSTRUCTION WAS STOPPED BY THE ECONOMICS AND POLITICS OF THAT TIME, LEAVING IT ABANDONED UNFINISHED.

IN THE HARSH REALITY OF THE PRESENT, NUEVO SOL ONCE AGAIN OFFERS THE PROMISE OF REDEMPTION--

--TO THE CHOSEN FEW WILLING TO ACCEPT THE INVITATION, AND BRAVE THE CHALLENGE.

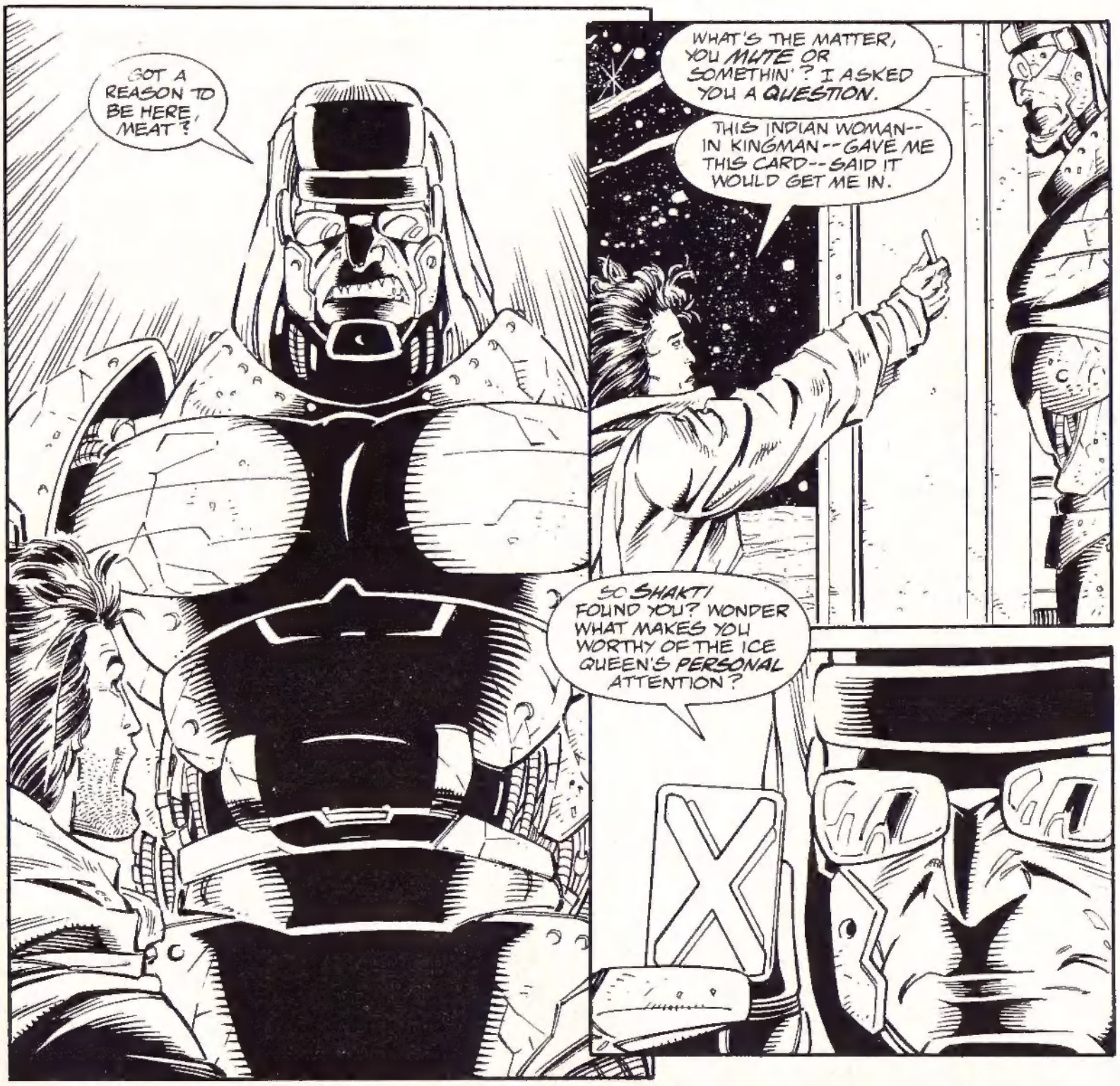
WHAT AM I DOING? TWO HOURS TO HIKE HERE FROM I-15 ON A NINETY-FOUR DEGREE NIGHT--

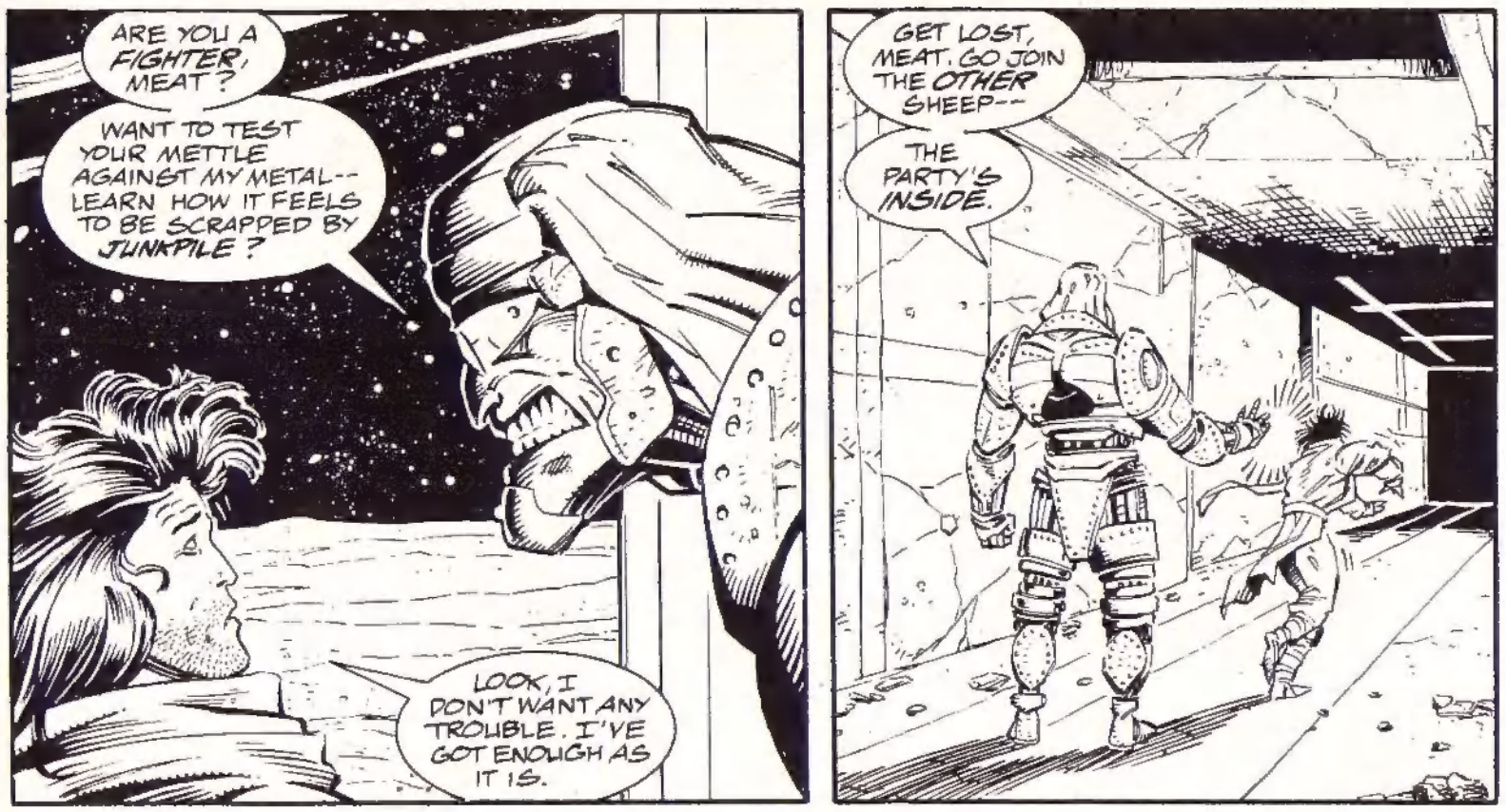
--AND I CAN'T DECIDE WHETHER TO GO IN.

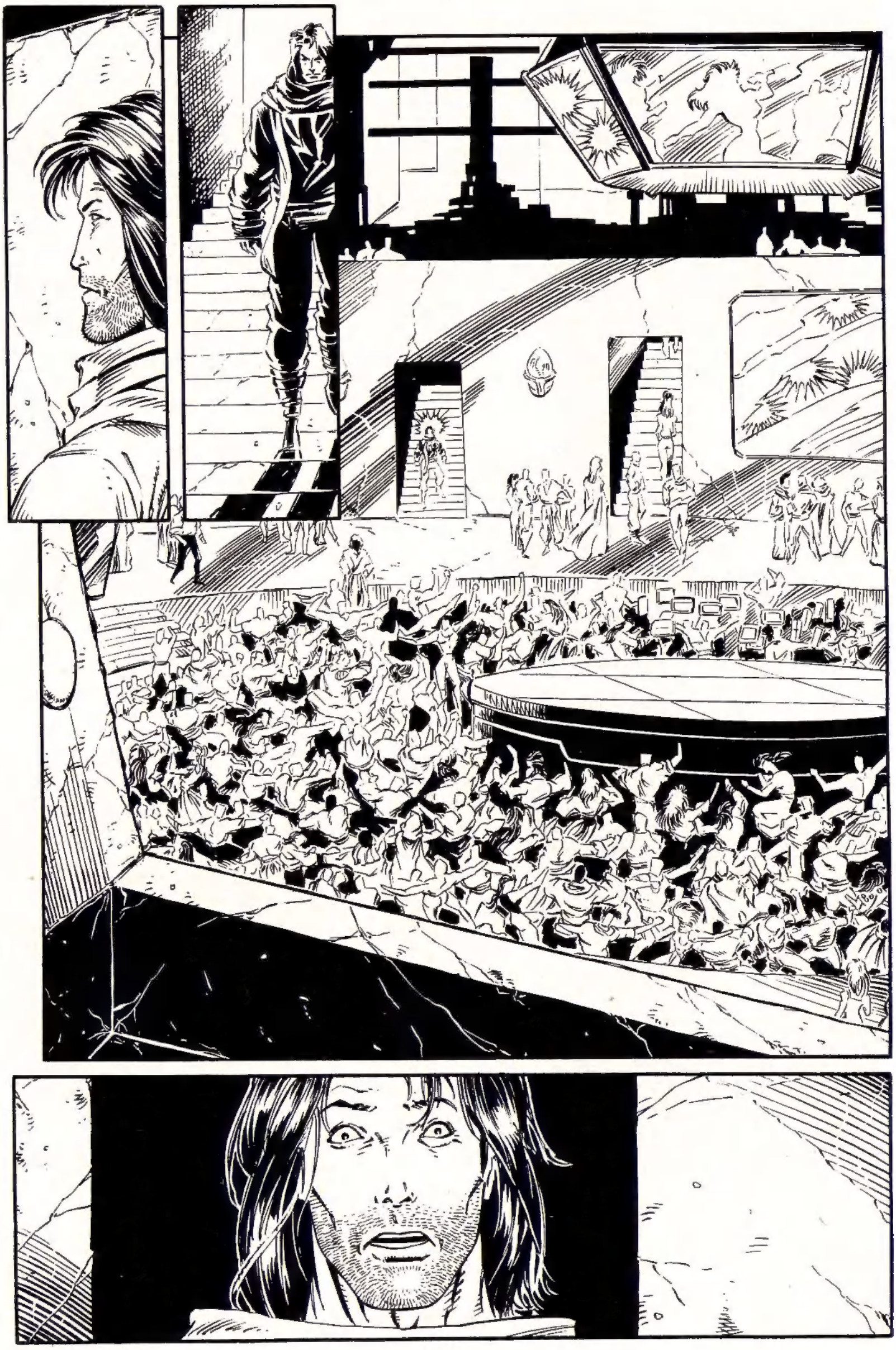
WITH MY LUCK, THERES NO ONE INSIDE, AND THIS IS SIMPLY ANOTHER INSTALLMENT IN THE COSMIC JOKE THAT IS MY LIFE.

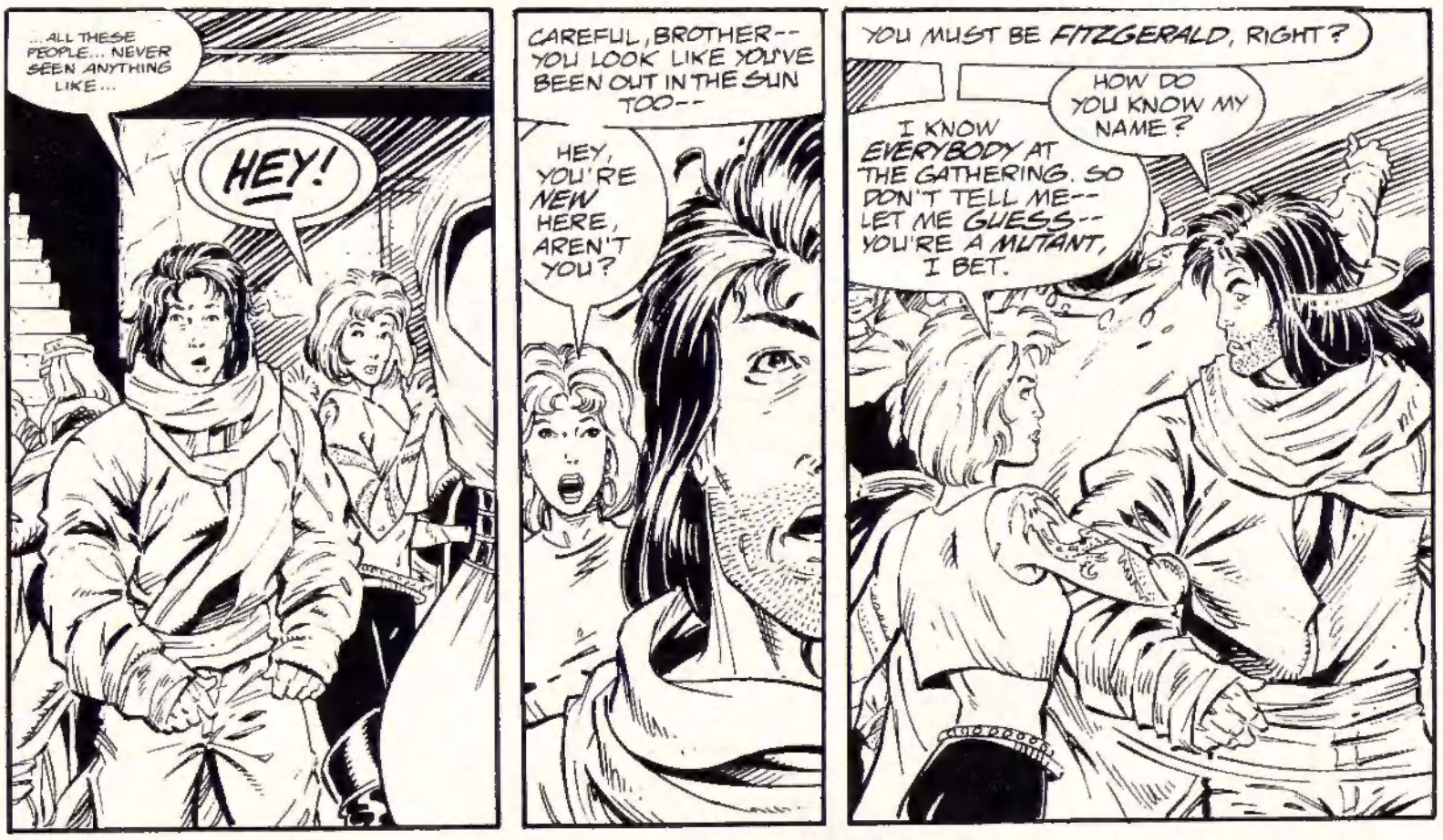
THEN AGAIN, WHAT HAVE I GOT TO LOSE?

UH OH.


GOT A REASON TO BE HERE, MEAT?
WHAT'S THE MATTER, YOU MUTE OR SOMETHIN'? I ASKED YOU A QUESTION.
THIS INDIAN WOMAN-- IN KINGMAN--GAVE ME THIS CARD--SAID IT WOULD GET ME IN.
SO SHAKTI FOUND YOU? WONDER WHAT MAKES YOU WORTHY OF THE ICE QUEEN'S PERSONAL ATTENTION?


ARE YOU A FIGHTER, MEAT?
WANT TO TEST YOUR METTLE AGAINST MY METAL-- LEARN HOW IT FEELS TO BE SCRAPPED BY JUNKPILE?
LOOK, I DON'T WANT ANY TROUBLE. I'VE GOT ENOUGH AS IT IS.
GET LOST, MEAT. GO JOIN THE OTHER SHEEP--
THE PARTY'S INSIDE.




...ALL THESE PEOPLE... NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE...
HEY!
CAREFUL, BROTHER-- YOU LOOK LIKE YOU'VE BEEN OUT IN THE SUN TOO--
HEY, YOU'RE NEW HERE, AREN'T YOU?
YOU MUST BE FITZGERALD, RIGHT?
HOW DO YOU KNOW MY NAME?
I KNOW EVERYBODY AT THE GATHERING. SO DON'T TELL ME-- LET ME GUESS-- YOU'RE A MUTANT, I BET.
MUTANT? NO. NO. I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT.
RELAX, BROTHER FITZ. THERE'S NO SHAME IN YOUR IDENTITY. I'M A MUTANT
EVERYBODY CALLS ME TINA. SHORT FOR SERPENTINA.
P-P-PLEASE, L-L-LET GO.
YOU'RE A NERVOUS ONE, BUT, I KNOW, SOME PEOPLE JUST DON'T LIKE TO BE TOUCHED.
I-IS EVERYONE HERE A MUTANT?
NO. MOST ARE JUST NOMADS AND FRINGERS. A LOT OF CORPORATE DROP OUTS AND DISCARDS. EVEN A FEW DEGENS.
IN NUEVO SOL, YOU'RE NOT JUST SOME CORPORATE BAR CODE, SORTED AND FILED LIKE PRODUCT.
HERE, EVERYONE HAS A NAME. EVERYONE'S EQUAL-- NO MATTER WHERE THEY'VE COME FROM.

TRIM COPY

YELLOW TS

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DOOM 2099

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BREAKDOWN

CYBERSPACE.

I WAS OMNISCIENT AND OMNIPOTENT.

ALL OF CYBER-SPACE LAY BEFORE ME, MINE TO ACCESS, MINE TO RULE!

NOW I HAVE NOTHING!

STAN LEE PRESENTS A TALE BY

JOHN FRANCIS MOORE writer
PAT BRODERICK penciler
JOHN NYBERG inker
JOHN COSTANZA letterer
CHRISTIE SCHEELE colorist
JOEY CAVALIERI hook
TOM DEFALCO hooker

DOOM 2099 * Vol. 1, No. 10, October, 1993. (ISSN #1068-3463) Published by MARVEL COMICS. Terry Stewart, President. Stan Lee, Publisher. Michael Hobson, Group Vice President, Publishing. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, NY 10016. **SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, NY AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES.** Published monthly. Copyright © 1993 Marvel Entertainment Group, Inc. All rights reserved. Price $1.25 per copy in the U.S. and $1.60 in Canada. Subscription rate for 12 issues: $15.00 U.S., $27.00 foreign and Canadian subscribers must add $8.00 for postage and GST. GST #R127032852. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the condition that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition. DOOM 2099 (including all prominent characters featured in this issue and the distinctive likenesses thereof) is a trademark of MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT GROUP, INC. **POSTMASTER: SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO DOOM 2099, c/o MARVEL COMICS, 9TH FLOOR, 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, NY 10016. PRINTED IN USA.**

THIS IS YOUR FAULT, WIRE!
YOUR ACTIONS HAVE TRAPPED ME ONCE AGAIN IN THIS ELECTRONIC WASTELAND.
PREPARE TO PAY THE CONSEQUENCES.
NO. LISTEN. YOU'RE STILL IN CYBERSHOCK.
THE MONDO-INTERFACE FUNCTIONS YOU SIPHONED FROM THE PALOMA PROGRAM SCRAMBLED YOUR BRAIN!
YOU WERE DOWNLOADING MORE INFORMATION THAN EVEN YOU COULD HANDLE.
I HAD NO OTHER CHOICE BUT TO TERMINATE THE PALOMA SYSTEM, AND SHUT YOU DOWN.
AND THAT STILL DIDN'T STOP YOU FROM RE-TREATING INTO THAT VICTORIAN PSYCHO-SIM RECOVERY PROGRAM YOU MANIFESTED.*
YOU DARE QUESTION MY SANITY-- WHEN I CAN DESTROY YOU WITH ONE WAVE OF MY HAND?
*See Doom 2099 #8 & 9 for a full explanation. --Your Pal Joey

3

DOOM, I'M NOT YOUR ENEMY!

IF WE KEEP WASTING ENERGY LIKE THIS, WE'LL DE-REZ INTO RANDOM BYTES, SCATTERED TO THE CYBERSPACE WIND.

DON'T YOU WANT TO OFF-LINE BACK TO LATVERIA?

REMEMBER LATVERIA?

YOUR WORDS ARE ONLY STATIC TO ME. I REFUSE TO LET THEM CONFUSE ME.

I WILL REGAIN MY POWER AND RETAKE CYBERSPACE--

THEN, NOTHING WILL STAND IN MY W--

ZKRAAKK

... DON'T KNOW WHERE THAT ENERGY FIELD CAME FROM... BUT IT BOUGHT ME SOME TIME...

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MORGAN + PALMIOTTI '92

TITLE Punisher 2099
NO. 9
MONTH OCT.

SCHEDULE

ARTIST TOM MORGAN

PUNISHER 2099

9 1 (1)

HIS FAMILY WAS MURDERED BY A PSYCHOPATH IN AN AGE WHERE JUSTICE CAN BE BOUGHT AND NO ONE BELIEVES IN OLD-FASHIONED *PUNISHMENT* ANYMORE... NO ONE EXCEPT *JAKE GALLOWS*... A WEAPONS SPECIALIST IN THE *PUBLIC EYE* POLICE FORCE BY DAY AT NIGHT HE IS INCORRUPTIBLE JUSTICE.

STAN LEE PRESENTS:

THE PUNISHER 2099

LOVE 'N' BULLETS

PART 3

REQUIEM

PAT MILLS & TONY SKINNER — WRITERS
TOM MORGAN — PENCILER
PALMIOTTI & FLORIMONTE — INKERS
KEN LOPEZ — LETTERER
IAN LAUGHLIN — COLORIST
JOEY CAVALIERI — EDITOR
TOM DE FALCO — EDITOR IN CHIEF

PUNISHER 2099™ Vol. 1, No. 9, October, 1993. (ISSN #1068-3505) Published by MARVEL COMICS, Terry Stewart, President, Stan Lee Publisher Michael Hobson, Group Vice President, Publishing. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, NY 10016 **SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK,NY AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES.** Published monthly. Copyright © 1993 Marvel Entertainment Group, Inc. All rights reserved. Price $1.25 per copy in the U.S. and $1.60 in Canada. Subscription rate for 12 issues: $15.00 U.S., $27.00 foreign; and Canadian subscribers must add $8.00 for postage and GST. GST #R127032852. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the condition that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition. PUNISHER 2099 (including all prominent characters featured in this issue and the distinctive likenesses thereof) is a trademark of MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT GROUP, INC. **POSTMASTER: SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO PUNISHER 2099, c/o MARVEL COMICS, 9TH FLOOR, 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, NY 10016. PRINTED IN USA.**

PUNISHER BU44 9 2 (2)

AUGH!

A SMART BALLISTIC... THAT PENETRATES THE FLESH AND MAKES IT'S WAY ALONG THE BLOOD VESSELS TO THE HEART!

SHOCK IT! NEEDLE GUN! WITH BULLETS TINY ENOUGH TO PENETRATE MY ARMOR...!

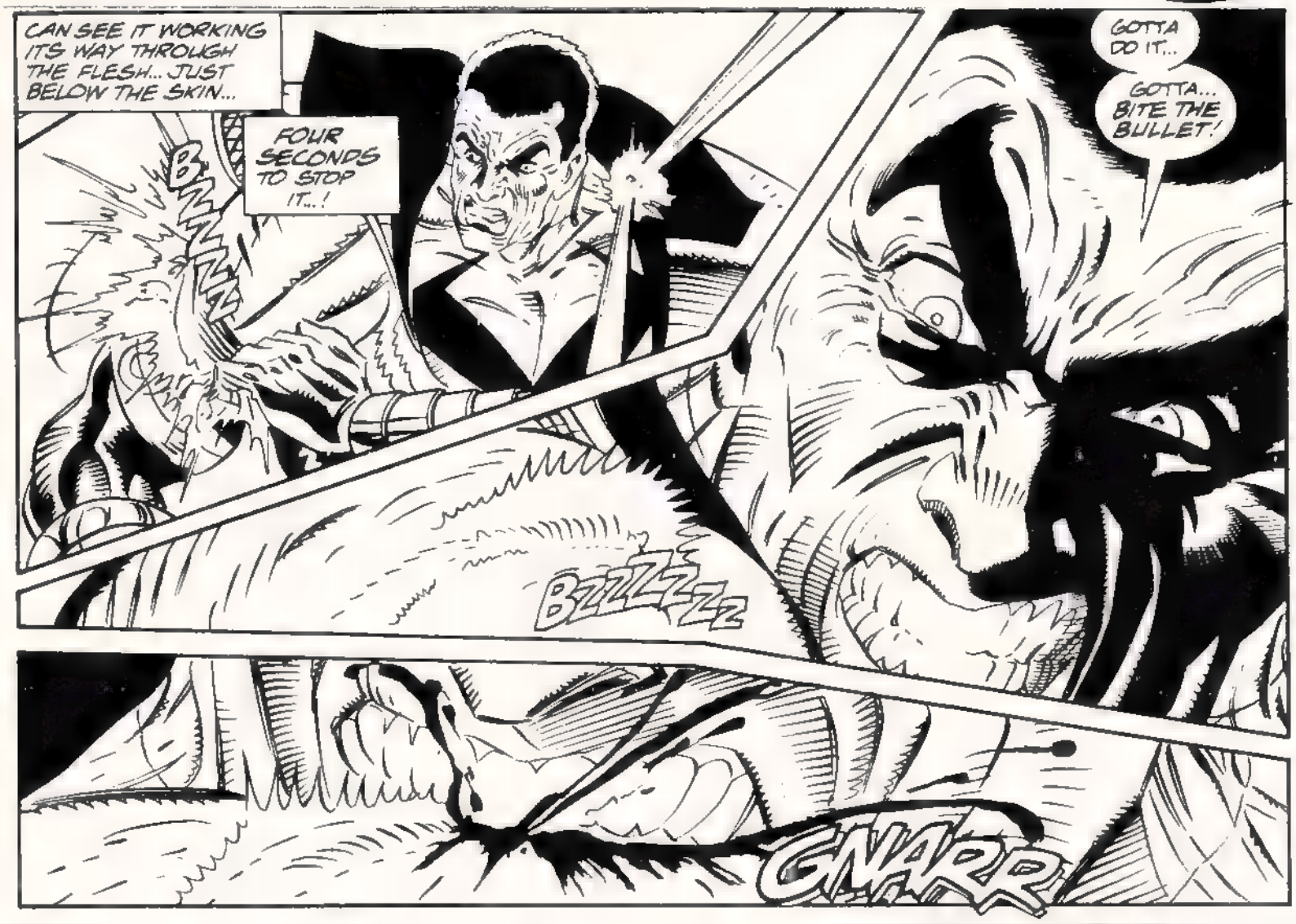
BZZZZZZ

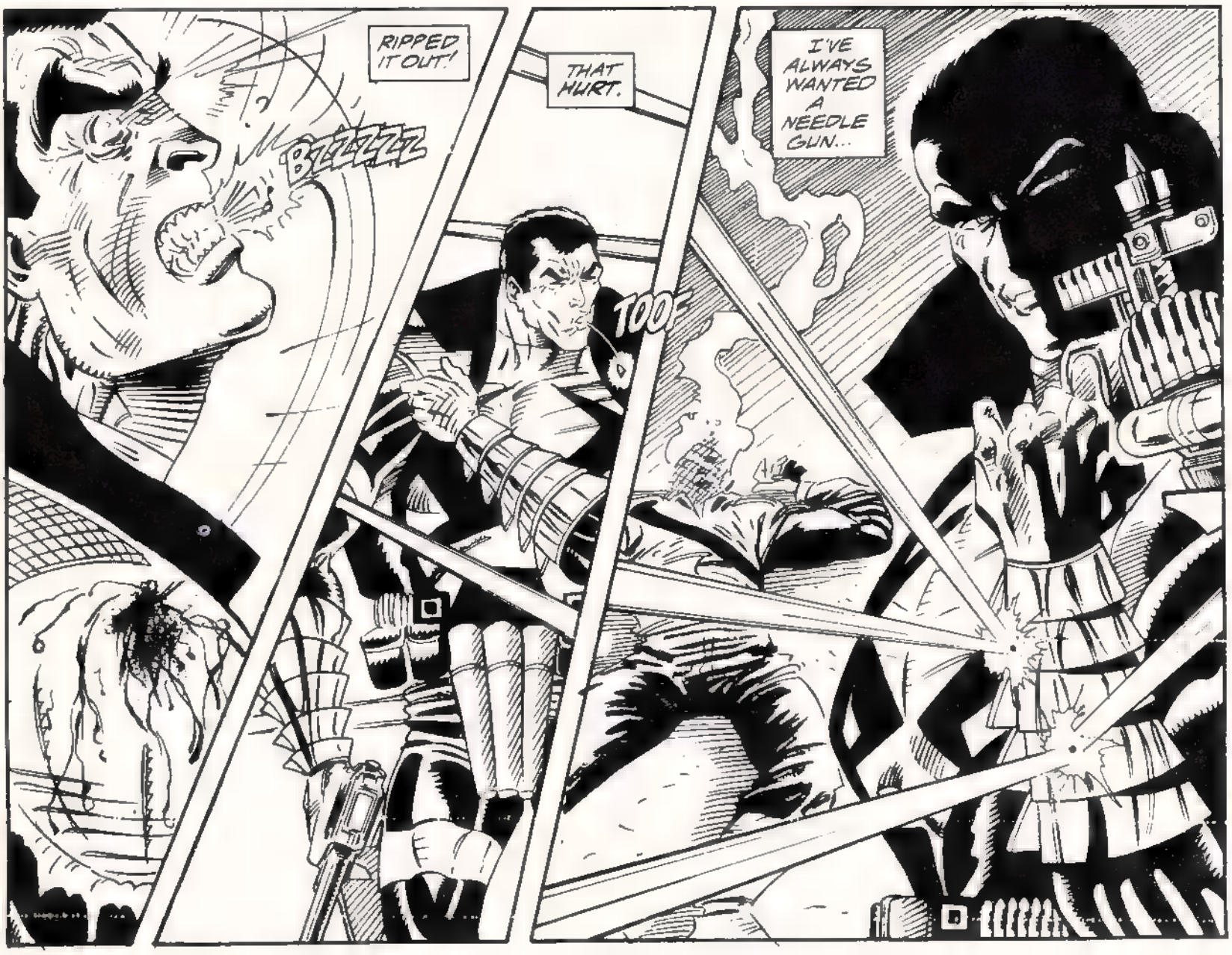
IT'S TRACKING THROUGH MY VEINS..!

GOING FOR MY HEART...!

BZZZZZZZ

9 3 (3)


CAN SEE IT WORKING ITS WAY THROUGH THE FLESH... JUST BELOW THE SKIN...
FOUR SECONDS TO STOP IT...!
BZZZZZ
GOTTA DO IT...
GOTTA... BITE THE BULLET!
BZZZZz
GNARR!


RIPPED IT OUT!
BZZZZZ
THAT HURT.
TOO
I'VE ALWAYS WANTED A NEEDLE GUN...

YELLOW TS

BLUE TS

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RAVAGE 2099

WHAT'S THE MATTER--

DON'T YOU RECOGNIZE YOUR OWN BROTHER?

GRANT MORRISON

RED TS

BLUE TS

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TITLE RAVAGE 2099

11 MONTH

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The SIGMA EFFECT

STORY: PAT MILLS & TONY SKINNER

PENCILS AND TITLE DESIGN: GRANT MIEHM

INKS: BUD LA ROSA

LETTERS: PHIL FELIX

COLORS: GINA GOING

EDITOR: JOEY CAVALIERI

EDITOR IN CHIEF: TOM DEFALCO

RAVAGE 2099 CREATED BY STAN LEE AND PAUL RYAN

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WHAT THE SHOCK IS THIS? FIRST IT'S MY BROTHER --NOW IT'S A BUG-EYED MONSTER!

BUT MY FIRST CONCERN ISN'T WHAT IT IS...

OOOF!

...BUT HOW DO I STAY ALIVE?

OR, EVEN BETTER, HOW DO I KILL IT?
AAAGGH!
AAAGGH!
NNNNNNN!
IT'S SO FAST... IT INTERCEPTS MY EVERY MOVE.
NNNNNNN!

YELLOW TS

BLACK TS

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HEY! YOU CAN'T WRECK ALCHEMAX™--

--THAT'S MY JOB!

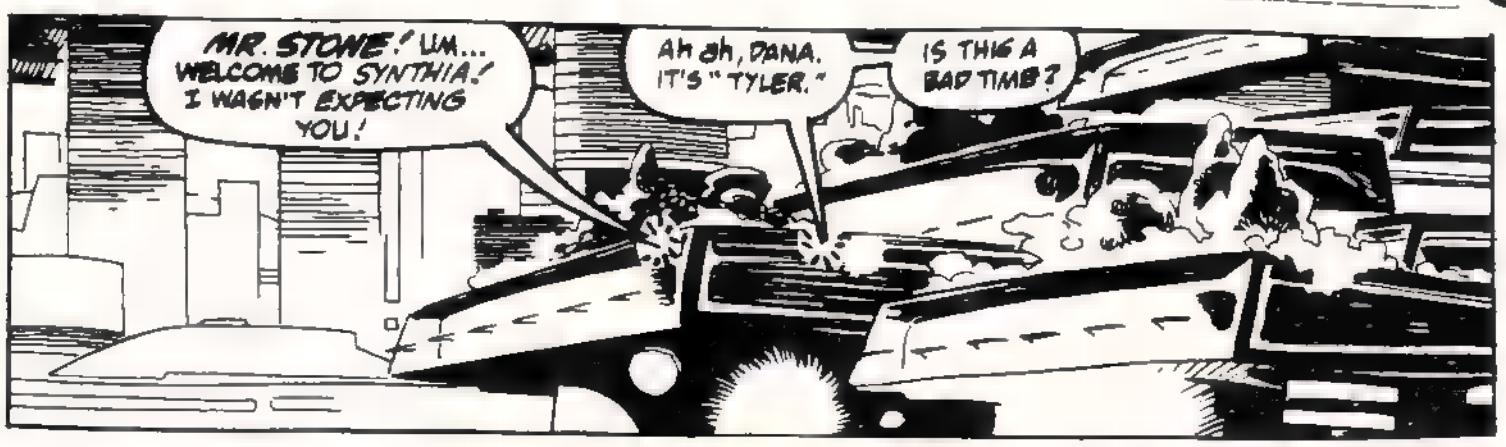
LEONARDI
WILLIAMSON

DIRECT EDITION

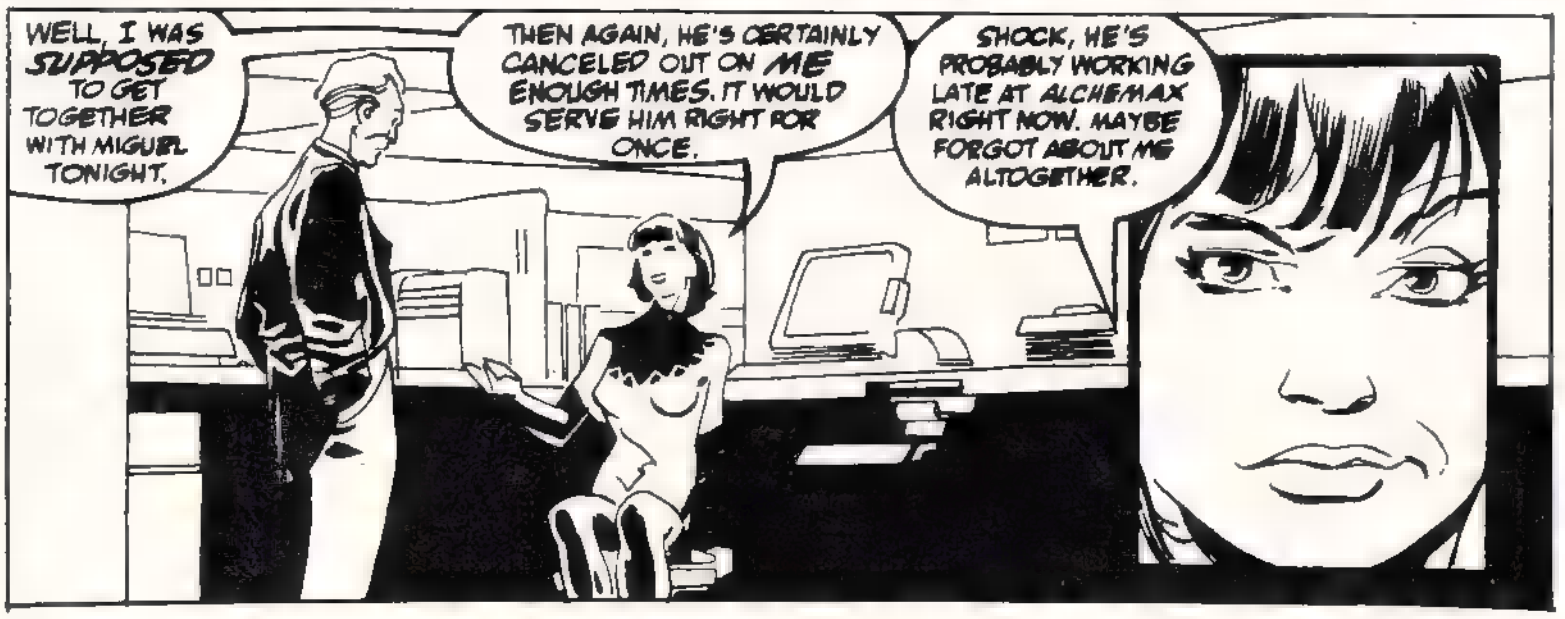
THANATOS™

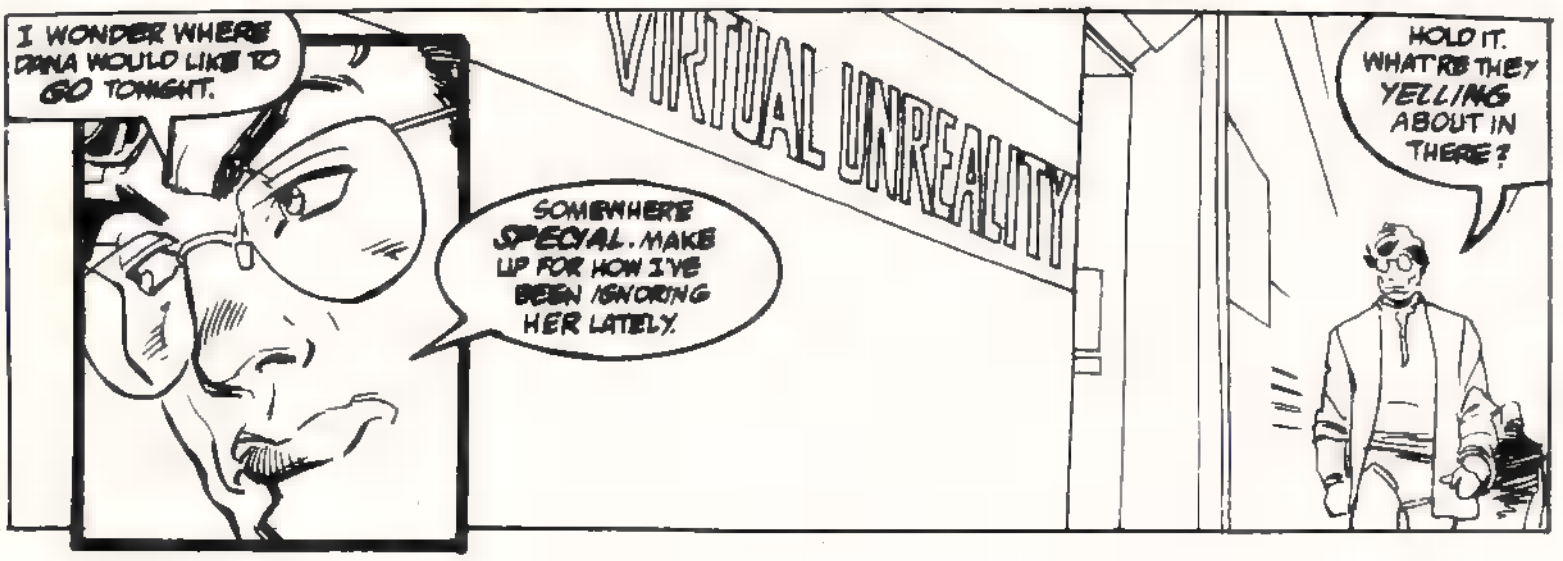
RED TS

BLUE TS


MR. STONE! UM... WELCOME TO SYNTHIA! I WASN'T EXPECTING YOU!
Ah ah, DANA. IT'S "TYLER."
IS THIS A BAD TIME?

UH, NO. NOT AT ALL, TYLER. I WAS JUST INSTRUCTING MY V.C. TO COMPILE INFO ON THE FLOATING CITY.
AH YES, THE VISUAL INTERFACE COMPUTER. HOW FAR WE'VE COME.
SINCE IT'S NEAR DINNER TIME, I WAS HOPING YOU MIGHT [redacted] INTERESTED IN SUPPING WITH ME. DISCUSS FUTURE PROJECTS.


WELL, I WAS SUPPOSED TO GET TOGETHER WITH MIGUEL TONIGHT.
THEN AGAIN, HE'S CERTAINLY CANCELED OUT ON ME ENOUGH TIMES. IT WOULD SERVE HIM RIGHT FOR ONCE.
SHOCK, HE'S PROBABLY WORKING LATE AT ALCHEMAX RIGHT NOW. MAYBE FORGOT ABOUT ME ALTOGETHER.


I WONDER WHERE DANA WOULD LIKE TO GO TONIGHT.
SOMEWHERE SPECIAL. MAKE UP FOR HOW I'VE BEEN IGNORING HER LATELY.
VIRTUAL UNREALITY
HOLD IT. WHAT'RE THEY YELLING ABOUT IN THERE?

DEATH FROM ΩN HIGH

PETER DAVID • WRITER
RICK LEONARDI • PENCILER
AL WILLIAMSON • INKER
GEORGE ROUSSOS • COLORIST
RICK PARKER • LETTERING
JOEY CAVALIERI • VIRTUAL REALIST
TOM DEFALCO • VIRTUALLY UNREAL

SPIDER-MAN 2099 Vol. 1, No. 12, October [illegible] (ISSN #1067-5116) Published by MARVEL COMICS, Terry Stewart, [illegible] Stan Lee, [illegible] Hobson, Group Vice President, Publishing. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: [illegible] AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, NY 10016. SECOND [illegible] NEW YORK, N.Y. [illegible] ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. Published monthly. Copyright © 1993 Marvel Entertainment Group, Inc. All rights reserved. Price $1.25 per copy in the U.S. and $1.60 in Canada. Subscription rate for 12 issues: $15.00 U.S.; $27.00 foreign; and Canadian subscribers must add $8.00 for postage and GST. GST #R127032852. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the condition that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition. SPIDER-MAN 2099 (including all prominent characters featured in this issue and the distinctive likenesses thereof) is a trademark of MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT GROUP, INC. POSTMASTER: SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO SPIDER-MAN 2099, c/o MARVEL COMICS, 9TH FLOOR, 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, NY 10016. PRINTED IN USA.

HOLY SHOCK!

IS EVERYBODY OKAY?

=HAKK= =HUKKKH=

WHATTA =AHUKK= YOU THINK?

CAN'T SEE A =HAHHK= A THING!

OVER HERE! FOLLOW THE SOUND OF MY VOICE!

DON'T PANIC! THE K-O EXTINGUISHERS ARE PUTTING OUT THE FLAMES!

THAT'S IT. RIGHT OUT THERE.

JORDAN... JORDAN'S STILL IN THERE...

JORDAN?

SO, MR. SMART MOUTH. MR. LETS-PUT-BLACK RINGS-ON-MIGUEL'S VIEWER.

I DON'T SUPPOSE I SHOULD JUST LEAVE YOU TO TAKE YOUR CHANCES, HUH.

EITHER HELP ME... OR DON'T... JUST STOP YAPPIN' AT ME...

DROP RED LINES

YELLOW TS

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2099 UNLIMITED™

LOOK WHO'S BACK!

HULK 2099!

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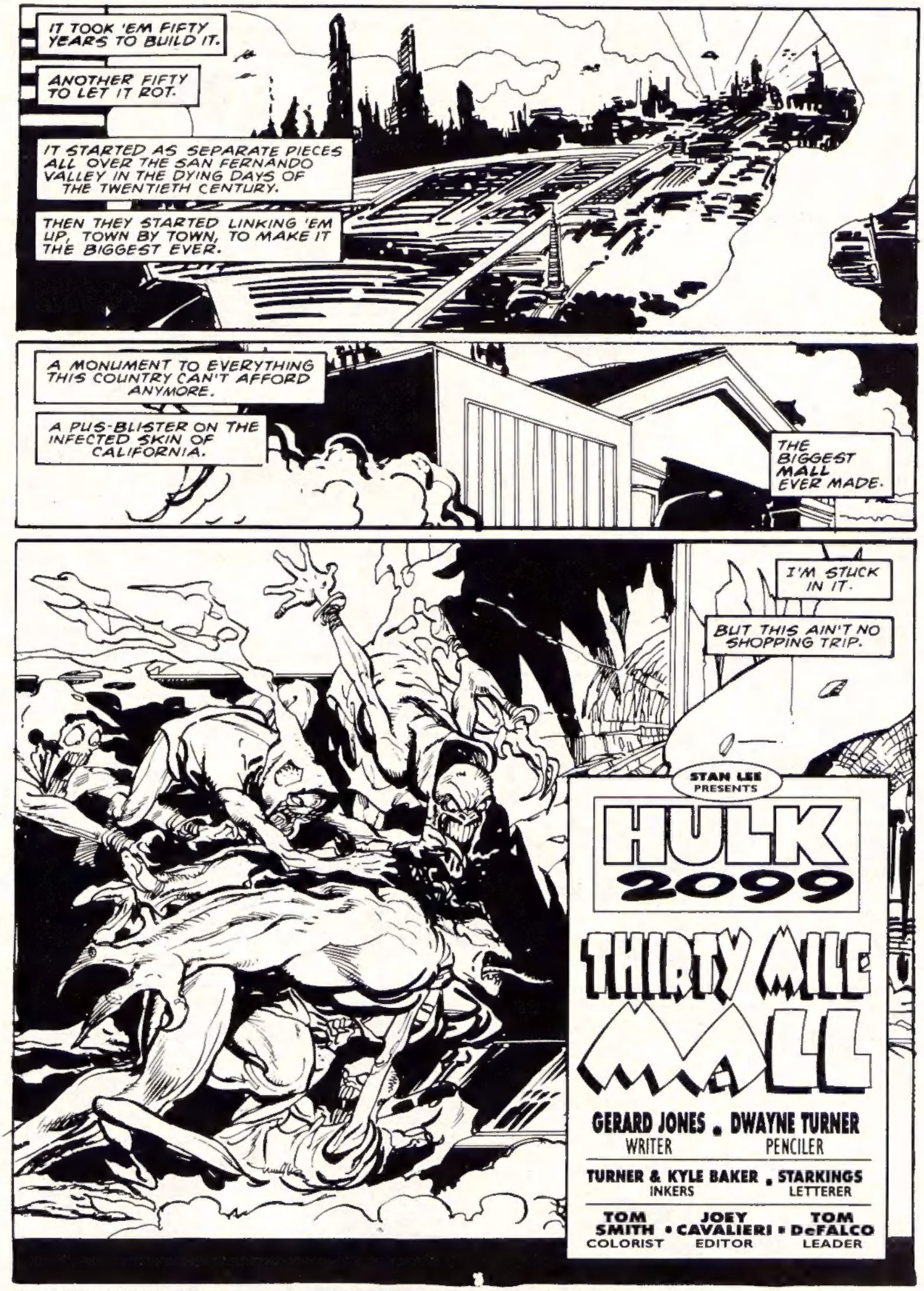
RED TS
COPY
TRIM

BLUE TS
COPY
TRIM


IT TOOK 'EM FIFTY YEARS TO BUILD IT.
ANOTHER FIFTY TO LET IT ROT.
IT STARTED AS SEPARATE PIECES ALL OVER THE SAN FERNANDO VALLEY IN THE DYING DAYS OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.
THEN THEY STARTED LINKING 'EM UP, TOWN BY TOWN, TO MAKE IT THE BIGGEST EVER.
A MONUMENT TO EVERYTHING THIS COUNTRY CAN'T AFFORD ANYMORE.
A PUS-BLISTER ON THE INFECTED SKIN OF CALIFORNIA.
THE BIGGEST MALL EVER MADE.
I'M STUCK IN IT.
BUT THIS AIN'T NO SHOPPING TRIP.
STAN LEE PRESENTS
HULK 2099
THIRTY MILE MALL
GERARD JONES . DWAYNE TURNER
WRITER PENCILER
TURNER & KYLE BAKER . STARKINGS
INKERS LETTERER
TOM SMITH . JOEY CAVALIERI . TOM DeFALCO
COLORIST EDITOR LEADER

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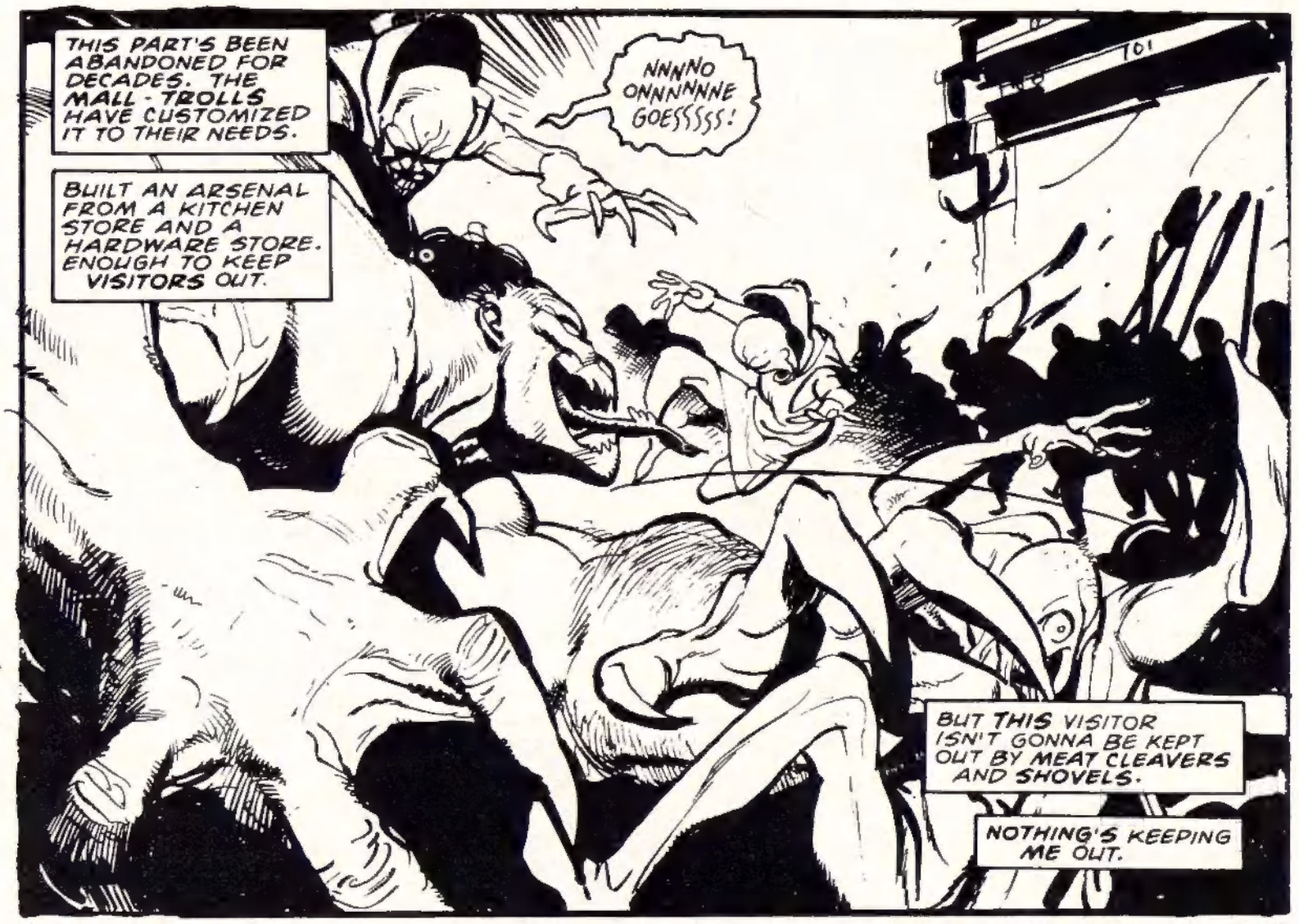
THIS PART'S BEEN ABANDONED FOR DECADES. THE MALL-TROLLS HAVE CUSTOMIZED IT TO THEIR NEEDS.
BUILT AN ARSENAL FROM A KITCHEN STORE AND A HARDWARE STORE. ENOUGH TO KEEP VISITORS OUT.
NNNNO ONNNNNNE GOESSSSS!
BUT THIS VISITOR ISN'T GONNA BE KEPT OUT BY MEAT CLEAVERS AND SHOVELS.
NOTHING'S KEEPING ME OUT.
NOT EVEN MY SUPPOSED HELPER.
KI-HILLLLL GI-HIRRLLLL!
CHOK
HULK! GET US OUT OF HERE!
I'M RUNNING OUT OF SHOES! AND I DON'T WANT TO WASTE THESE VINTAGE, 1993 DOC MARTENS ON A BUNCHA FREAKIN' TROLLS!
HER NAME'S QUIRK. SHE'S A SINGER.

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